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TODAY'S WEATHER—Fair; cooler by afternoon or Friday morning. Northerly winds, shifting to westerly.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 96 deg.; minimum temperature, 65 deg.; no precipitation.

PORTLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 7.

THE DEAD OUTLAW.

The story of the career of Tracy, the outlaw, is a twice-told tale, but the man from the psychological point of view is an interesting figure, for in a small way he belonged to the same type of bad men as Benedict Arnold, men possessed of remarkable qualities of courage, nerve, audacity, endurance, power of will, qualities which, when subordinated to moral sense, always serve to make their possessor a man of mark and useful leadership. Had Arnold been endowed with moral sense sufficient to hold his bad passions in check, the hero of Quebec and Saratoga would not have died a miserable exile from the flag he betrayed. And there are other famous historical figures who afford as violent a contrast in their barren moral endowments and their sterling mental gifts. Marlborough was as heroic in battle as Arnold, and quite as corrupt, for he betrayed James II, his benefactor, and he betrayed William as shamefully at the first opportunity. Byron said of Napoleon that one step unto the right had made him the Washington of his country.

In a small, obscure way, Tracy manifested that he possessed to an unusual degree native endowments that, uprightly employed, would have made him a leader in any community. Men who rob on the highway and murder to escape arrest or punishment for crime are common enough, but this outlaw has been at large about two months. In that time he must, in his doublings and turnings, have traveled over a thousand miles; he has had the officers of the law at his heels during all that time in Oregon and Washington; his physical sufferings must have been great; his mental disturbance great, and yet in all that time the man's courage, energy, endurance and nerve never have failed him. He seems to have been overtaken at last in a moment when his success had made him arrogant and careless. Wounded too seriously to hope for escape, after fighting his foes with cofirage when brought to bay, he retreats into a thicket, where he is found dead by his own hand, a mangled wolf surrounded by tireless hounds.

There have been times when the actions of this remarkable criminal seemed to indicate insanity, but his last act of suicide was the thing to be expected. Napoleon, when forced to abdicate, in 1814, took poison; Frederick the Great carried poison in his clothes, ready to take it in event of final defeat. Suicide on Tracy's part was natural; as a captive he would have suffered greatly in mind and body, and was sure to have expiated his crimes upon the gallows. His suicide was a perfectly sane act. There are murderers who are not insane, but seem to stand for what is termed "pure cussedness." These murderers are never suspected of mental or moral irresponsibility until they commit some frightfully wanton and coldblooded murder. These murderers are not insane at all in the sense of moral or mental irresponsibility; they are only depraved, brutal-tempered folk, full to overflowing with pure "cussedness." If they are outwitted in a trade, they get a gun and kill the man that circumvented them; they ease their burdens in life by killing somebody; they believe in blood atonement for all their personal disappointments. These murderous, vindictive rebels against the peace, order and safety of society, who resort to their own inner consciousness for a code under which they try, convict, sentence and execute their real or fancied enemies, are a ceaseless terror to civilization. They are always exceedingly "handy with a gun," but are not handy or useful in other directions of human effort. Decent and healthy human society is constantly plagued by the murderous antics of these abritrators with a pistol.

To this class of murderous adventurers Tracy belonged, but, unfortunately for the welfare of society, his abilities were above the average of his class; he was prompt to kill, but he was exceedingly hard to catch. In boyhood he was not depraved, and possessed qualities that won him the esteem of worthy people. There are a good many questions the criminologist cannot easily answer. It is not easy to tell why an accomplished bank-note engraver, who can earn at honest work from $4000 to $5000 a year, will not seldom do "crooked" work which is sure to send him ultimately to prison for a long term of years. Is it an old drop of dishonest blood that through heredity surges in the veins? Saxe perhaps was not far from wrong when he said:

> In following up your family line,
> You may find it end in a bit of twine,
> That hanged some old relation.

At all events, there is a deal of good brains that is wasted in this world by men who perversely work for evil with an industry, energy, ability and courage that would insure eminence and influence if exerted for good. Tracy, who died as the fool dieth, had he turned his face to good, might have been a hero, a leader in peace or war, on sea or land.

GRAIN RATES AND POLITICS.

The thory that the reductions in grain rates announced at the Davenport and Colfax meetings have resulted from these popular "conferences" is a very pretty one, and since the human mind dearly loves delusion, it seems almost ungracious to disturb it. But railroad magnates do not depend for information upon the settings-forth of mass meetings, and they do not slash rates upon impulse or through the good will which follows a picnic dinner and a season of handshaking. What has been done at Davenport and at Colfax was, of course, planned—carefully cut and dried—before Mr. Hill left St. Paul. The spectacular method by which the thing was done had, of course, a motive and a not unnatural one. Since the cut in rates is made to placate and please the Eastern Washington farmers, Mr. Hill takes the method best calculated to make a wide and gracious impression. He desired also, and very naturally, to draw the fangs of the pending anti-railroad agitation, and this, it appears plainly enough, has been done. The farmers have been put in good humor by the cut in the grain rate; Seattle has been bound more closely than ever to the interests of Mr. Hill by the diversion of a great part of the grain business to her docks. The detachment of the former from the anti-railroad fight with the attachment of the latter to the direct railroad interest are likely for the present to put things in Washington in "good shape" from the railroad point of view.

What effect these events will have upon the coming Senatorial election in Washington can only be surmised, but if it be true, as it is commonly believed, that Mr. Hill is friendly to ex-Senator John L. Wilson's ambitions, there is likely to be an advance in Wilson stock. This will be a serious misfortune, for Wilson is the very last man in the state who ought to be thought of for Senatorial place. He lacks fitness at every point, having neither the ability, the knowledge, the character nor the manners which go properly or even decently with Senatorial station. If it shall turn out that John L. Wilson in the Senate and in command of Washington politics under railroad inspiration is the price which Washington must pay for this reduction in grain rates, then the price is too high. No state can afford for any material advantage to foist a vulgar and immoral influence upon its political life.

THE SCHOLAR IN DIPLOMACY.

The retirement of Mr. White from his high post at Berlin is not a matter of vast practical concern, since the duties of the German Ambassadorship at this time are largely of a perfunctory and formal kind. The chief interest of the incident lies in the fact that it closes the public and active life of a citizen whose service has at all times and in wide relations been worthy and creditable to the country. Very great public responsibilities have never fallen to Mr. White, though he has held several important stations in the foreign service, but every duty which has come to him has been met with fidelity and ability, and long ago he came to be ranked with the strong men of the country.

Mr. White's distinction in his public career has rested chiefly upon his eminent personal character as a scholar and as a man of the world in the highest and best sense. While less personally distinguished for literary achievement than some others who have gone before him, he has admirably represented our scholarly element and maintained its pretensions to a share in the higher public life of the country. He has been a fit successor to Motley, Irving, Lowell and the other lights of our literary life, who, through the wisdom of the political powers at Washington, have from time to time been chosen to represent the country in the field of diplomacy.

It is in this field that the scholar and literary man finds his best adaptation to public service. Your scholar and student nineteen times out of twenty is a flat failure when he essays executive duties, while in posts calling for practical insight and policy he is usually ridiculous or something worse. In constructive statecraft the scholar is always a theorist and almost invariably he seeks to bend the condition to the theory rather than the theory to the condition, declining with the mulishness of the idealist to deal with things as they are in his wish to have them as they ought to be. There are, of course, exceptional men and exceptional instances, but they are few, and political authority is wise in the general policy which selects men of practical life for practical duties.

But in diplomacy the scholar finds scope for those accomplishments which in other political relations are rather a hindrance than an aid to success. The ability to shine in the social circle, to write and speak with elegance, to meet men of the highest culture on their own ground, to match every occasion with the becoming mood, to be serious and wise in season, and to daily with grace—these qualifications count at the older and more polished courts far more than the energy and force which mark the practical and constructive mind and habit. In a great diplomatic post, a man who as Governor of his state or as a Senator of the United States would be a failure oftentimes achieves a striking success.

The United States has been singularly fortunate in its scholarly diplomatists. They have won golden opinions for themselves and for their country in every great court of Europe, and no one of them ever cast upon us the shadow of a scandal. The practice which more and more turns to them in connection with places of great formal and social responsibility is a good one; and it will be fortunate if the race of scholarship shall always find itself represented as worthily as it has been by the large-minded and gracious man who now celebrates his 70th birthday by laying down his public duties and honors to seek the repose of private station.

There can, of course, be but one rational opinion with respect to the proposal to tax the billboard out of existence in the city. The billboard is an impertinence, an irritation, a nuisance. It seeks, of course, the most prominent situations, and there sets up a row of gaudy and glaring presentments always annoying and very often vulgar and disgusting. It would be bad enough if only our own people had to endure it, but this is not the worst of it, since it discredits the town in the eyes of every visitor. There may be no immediate remedy for our broken and rotting pavements and sidewalks, but we can at least get rid of the billboard, with its offense to every decent sensibility. No vested or personal rights are involved in this matter; the mere fact that the nuisance has been tolerated until now implies nothing but that we are a people of unreasonable and long-suffering patience; there can be no injustice to anybody in denying the privilege of annoying the public for private advantage. Let the proposed tax be put on, and let it be made high enough to drive the billboard out of existence. This was done long ago in all the self-respecting towns in California, and pretty much everywhere in the East.

COMMON-SENSE REFORMS.

Upon taking charge of the Treasury Department Secretary Shaw began with diligence and an open mind to investigate some of the complaints of travelers in regard to the prevailing methods of baggage inspection at our ports of entry. A little inquiry convinced him that a wrong or strained interpretation was being put upon the law relating to the $100 worth of personal effects which returning travelers are permitted to bring in free of duty. This law, under Secretary Gage's administration, led to the greatest annoyance. Its strict interpretation left the traveler under the impression that he was the victim of the officiousness if not the persecution of the Government's agents, or that, if they were only fulfilling the intent of the law, this law was narrow, utterly unreasonable, and a disgrace to the statutes of a Republic. As interpreted by the customs officers, the law meant that the traveler could bring in $100 worth of wearing apparel and articles for the toilet for his personal use alone. Under the new ruling the traveler may bring in $100 worth free of duty, regardless of its character. Formerly, if a souvenir or other article which to the mind of the inspector did not come within the wearing apparel class was brought in, the tourist not only had to pay the duty, but was subjected to delay and annoyance which frequently left him with the feeling that he was regarded as a sort of genteel sneakthief who would bear watching. Now articles intended for personal use and not specifically named as subject to duty may be brought in free, providing they do not exceed $100 in value.

There is still another form required of travelers coming into a port of entry which might be abolished with credit to the common sense of Secretary Shaw. This is the regulation which requires the traveler to swear to his declaration and then undergo a search of his personal effects to substantiate his oath. The law relating to the search of baggage is permissive, and not mandatory. If a sworn declaration is required, it seems that a search in addition thereto is nothing more nor less than the declaration of suspicion that he has sworn falsely. It is well, of course, to institute search in suspicious cases, but if all travelers are to be regarded with suspicion, let everybody's baggage be searched, but let the sworn declaration be abolished as unnecessary. Every traveler may be regarded as a possible smuggler until search of his or her baggage proves the suspicion unfounded. Search has made some astounding revelations in this direction, both at Atlantic and Pacific ports of entry. But, proceeding upon this possibility, it is wholly superfluous and may justly be regarded as insulting to require a sworn declaration in regard to baggage and then proceed coolly to search it for evidences of perjury. Secretary Shaw has placed the traveling public under great obligations for removing one unnecessary annoyance. Let him extend the simple magic of his plain common sense a little farther and either make the traveler's oath good for what it stands for or proceed to search his baggage without requiring a sworn declaration of its contents as preliminary to such search.

Ex-Mayor Hewitt, of New York City, at 80 years of age, holds opinions concerning the relations of labor and capital that are entirely worthy of his high reputation as a very able man of business and a statesman. He holds that it is the equal right of employers and employes to make combinations among themselves, respectively, or with each other, to advance or reduce wages, or to establish or resist legislation which either or both may regard as essential, desirable or objectionable. Neither party has a right to coerce the other into submission, except through the action of the courts or tribunals duly constituted to hear and decide upon causes of action submitted to them by either or both parties. The right of workmen to refrain from labor and the right of the employer to cease to employ are correlative rights, but no one has the right to compel any other workman to cease from labor, nor has the employer any right to lock out his workmen in order to compel submission to obnoxious rules. Finally Mr. Hewitt says:

> The claim of any body of men that under any circumstances they have the right to stop the operations of business by the issue of an order in the name of organized labor or associated capital cannot be tolerated. When such an order is given in regard to any railway or any other means of communication, it is a direct assault upon the common weal; and the failure to arrest and punish the offenders thus usurping the executive functions of the state and the judicial power of the courts is proof of cowardice on the part of the public officials and of degeneracy in public opinion which excuses or permits the violation of the principle of the common law, that "not even the King can obstruct the highway."

Mr. Gompers seems to be opposed to compulsory arbitration. But without resort to compulsory arbitration before a court that is sure to be composed of jurists elected by the votes of organized and unorganized labor, we are sure to have periodical strikes, injunctions, violence and failure in two cases out of three. Great strikes as a rule always end in a resort to violence. The moment the employer begins to get new men, violence on part of the strikers becomes imminent. When violence is actually resorted to, then the military are called out, and sooner or later the strike is abandoned. This is the expensive, disorderly course of every great strike. Nevertheless, both labor leaders and employers seem indisposed to promote or adopt means of arbitrating labor disputes, and thus preventing outbreaks which are costly from an economic standpoint to both parties and injurious to the peace, good order and business prosperity of society. Sooner or later the public weal will assert its paramountcy and insist upon peace between labor and capital through compulsory arbitration. There is no hardship to labor in obliging it to submit its controversy to arbitration, for the Governors and Legislatures and courts are made by the votes of the organized and unorganized wageworkers of this country, and the laws of this country today give labor the best of it, while in England property has the best of it.

Curiosity-seekers and sightseers should be rigidly forbidden entrance to the grounds and buildings of the State Insane Asylum. It is an outrage upon the unfortunates there confined to permit them to be stared at and their infirmities and appearance commented upon by the unfeeling and the thoughtless. An insane asylum should be what its name implies—a retreat for those whose mental unbalance entitles them in humanity's name to seclusion, sympathy and care. It is no part of the purpose of humanity and generosity, as exemplified in the building and maintenance of asylums or retreats for the insane, to provide also a place where the idly curious may rally and gaze upon human suffering and misfortune. Some time ago a point was raised, and justly, against making the official quarter of the Asylum a retreat for Summer visitors—friends and relatives of the officers, who were fed for weeks at a time at the expense of the state, carted about in the state's vehicles, and waited upon by the state's employes. This practice, dishonorable as it was (and, if it continues to prevail, still is), was not so utterly unworthy of upright men and women as is the practice of allowing excursionists to swarm the Asylum grounds and file through the great buildings, commenting on all they see and hear with boisterous merriment. Both are abuses which should be reformed—the first in justice to the taxpayers, the last in justice to the inmates of the Asylum.

The Democratic Congressional campaign is to be made on the trust issue, so we are told, but beyond this general statement there is no information. In view of the fact that such positive trust legislation as we have is of Republican origin, and that beyond general protest there is no Democratic record on this question whatever, it promises to be rather a tame campaign. Before commissioning the Democratic or any other party to destroy the trusts the country will very naturally want to know what the party programme is, how the thing is to be done. The day when a political party could ride into power on the basis of a glittering generality, without a definite plan for doing the things it pledges itself to do, is past; and it would seem that by this time the Democratic party ought to know it. This is a positive age, decidedly so, and the people always want to know what they are swallowing before they swallow it.

Alexander Pendleton, Jr., of Arizona, a cadet of the senior class at West Point, was some time since found guilty of hazing and dismissed from that institution in accordance with a recent law governing such cases. Appeal was made to the Secretary of War for the reinstatement of the offending cadet. He, however, indorsed the action of the West Point authorities and transmitted the papers to the President for review. These have been returned to the War Department with the President's indorsement, and Cadet Pendleton is now and from this time henceforth plain Alexander Pendleton, an Arizona lad who made the grave mistake of supposing himself superior to the law, the purpose of which is to stamp out the unmannerly and unmanly practice of hazing in the United States Military Academy.

The anarchist's idea of a republic seems to be in a fair way to be worked out in Hayti. The law of might is the only one that appears to be recognized there. Aspirants for office appeal to the sword rather than the ballot-box to compass their ends, and the pistol is efficacious in vacating offices that are thus filled. A United States gunboat has gone to the island to look out for the interests of Americans there. Our Government has, however, not the slightest intention or desire to interfere in the domestic difficulties of the citizens of the Black Republic. There is, in fact, nothing to do but to let them fight to the finish, which, since desperate blows are being given and taken, may not be long delayed.

The ordinance passed yesterday by the Council establishing wide limits in which wooden sidewalks must not hereafter be laid looks like the beginning of the good-streets movement which has been too long delayed. The only fault to be found with it is that it will work too slowly to give the city a uniform system of good sidewalks before the opening of the Lewis and Clark Fair. But it will come in time in response to this law, and in the meantime it is to be hoped that many property-owners not immediately subject to the law will replace wooden walks with cement under the impulse of good example and public spirit.

Mr. Hill is the greatest "jollier" of large bodies of men and of whole communities that the railroad business has ever produced. Mr. Huntington was not without an amazing skill in winning friendship, but his effectiveness was of the closely personal sort, and he habitually operated upon one auditor at a time. Mr. Hill, on the other hand, bags his game in the mass. At many points the two giants of the railroad world are much alike, and in nothing more than in this, namely, that, like mighty trees, the closer you approach them the bigger they seem.

The Tracy incident ends fortunately in a quick tragedy which affords little food for morbid interest and will pass out of the public memory in a few days. Let us be thankful that he was not taken alive to furnish in interviews and a public trial excitement for weak and unhealthy minds and a "heroic" example for the criminally and the morbidly inclined.

Marcus Island is not of much value to anybody, and it matters little practically who owns it. But if it is ours we want it, and if it belongs to Japan she ought to have it. The contention rests upon a simple question of fact as to who first discovered and occupied it, and that ought to be very easily determined.

In giving thanks for the reduced grain rates, the people of Washington ought not to forget Governor McBride, whose agitation succeeded in making itself heard far away from home.

CONDITION OF IRELAND.

Boston Herald.

The condition of Ireland is often discussed in this country, and as a rule the figures quoted are those in regard to population. On that basis there is no disputing that Ireland makes a very sad showing, for she has almost steadily lost ground for the last 50 years. But some figures published by Mr. John D. Crimmins, of New York, who has recently returned from Ireland, would seem to prove that, in some respects at least, Ireland has been gaining. He shows that, while there has been a loss in population of about 1,000,000 since 1871, there has in that time been an increase in the amount of livestock in Ireland, which increase for horses, cattle, sheep and pigs totals over 600,000. This he takes as showing that there has been a change in the agricultural interests of the island, farmers turning their attention to stock rather than crop raising, and also to dairy farming. That business has improved of late years he proves by comparing the exports and imports for 1896 and 1900, the volume of trade being $15,000,000 greater in the latter than in the former year, though the imports are still far in excess of the exports. The figures for 1900 were, roughly, imports, $60,000,000, and exports only $6,560,000. Since 1879 the number of letters delivered in Ireland has practically doubled, while the number of telegraph messages has very much more than doubled in the same period. There has been in the last 30 years a substantial gain in the deposits in joint stock banks in Ireland, and the deposits in the Government postoffice savings banks have increased from £2,458,000 in 1885 to £8,068,000 in 1900. During this same period the deposits in trustees' savings banks have only risen from £2,618,387 to £2,322,083. This, Mr. Crimmins thinks, is a proof of the confidence in the Government, and it may also be taken as significant of the mollification of the hostility to England. For all these reasons Mr. Crimmins draws the conclusion that Ireland is enjoying a period of reasonable prosperity.

We have given these figures on Mr. Crimmins' authority, and do not vouch for their accuracy, though we do not doubt that they are taken from the official statistics of the Government. In regard to the rather surprising difference between the exports and imports, it is possible that Mr. Crimmins' figures are those for foreign trade, and do not make any allowance for the trade between Ireland and the other parts of the United Kingdom, that doubtless prove the best customers for the Irish agriculturists. The constant drain on the population of Ireland, owing to emigration, must, of course, have been a great check to the growth of wealth in that island, for, as a rule, the emigrants are young men and women of vigorous health, just the class to build up the prosperity of a country. But these Irish men and women find a better chance to advance in this country and in some of the British colonies than they could possibly have at home. This emigration has, as we have stated, proven a great drain on the island; but, if Mr. Crimmins' figures are correct, and we have no reason to doubt them, they certainly prove that conditions in Ireland are not as bad as they have been painted by some of the Nationalists who have visited this country in search of funds to carry on their political campaigns.

Progress in Trades Unionism.

New York Evening Post.

It is something that the trades union movement in this country has at last reached the stage where violence is recognized by its very leaders as fatal to it. President Mitchell's condemnation of the rioting at Shenandoah was a shade too apologetic; but it was at any rate a condemnation; and we shall not again see the wild mob spirit which broke loose in Pittsburg and at Homestead tacitly, if not openly, approved by organized labor. Strikes we shall long have with us, apparently, and labor unions are certain to increase in number and power; but they will have to be conducted peaceably, if their cause and their demands are to have a patient hearing from the American people. Disorder and the rule of the mob we cannot tolerate for a day, not even in support of just claims. The most just claims conceivable become instantly vitiated by a resort to violence. That this should now be so generally admitted is a great gain. If trades unions would take the next step, and become, like some of the English labor organizations, incorporated bodies, with well-defined legal responsibilities, the gain would be still greater.

Who Are Great Writers?

International Monthly.

How do we as individuals use the term "great" in literature? We use is loosely, but no more loosely than we do in other connections, and presumably we all use it mainly of things or persons that do something, not of things or persons that are on the whole quiescent, no matter how full they may be of potential energy. The great statesman, for example, is to each of us the man who accomplishes something in the sphere of politics, not the man who has merely the potentialities of success. And he must accomplish something which in our view is large, important, influential, comparatively permanent, more or less original and unique, or we shall not call him great. Do we not apply the term in literature in some such way? The poem or the poet, the book or the writer, must actually do something with us, and that something must be large, important, influential, comparatively permanent, more or less original and unique. Obviously there are two spheres in which this large, important something may be done—the sphere of our emotions and the sphere of our intelligence. One book stirs our feelings deeply and permanently; another opens out a range of new ideas which make an impression upon our lives; we call both these books great, and rightly.

Automobilists' Utopia.

Pall Mall Gazette.

According to some private information which I have received, the tourists who started a week ago for Vienna, following a somewhat different course from that of the competitors in the great race, have had a most delightful reception in the towns and villages through which they passed. At Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, and elsewhere, they were royally feted by the inhabitants. Even the Swiss peasants were moved to throw flowers in the motor cars and without indeed demanding payment! The road is most difficult; in parts on the mountains the way is over deep snow, which is now beginning to melt, and in another place it is reported that the mud is 30 centimeters, or a foot, deep. Automobilism is wonderful for breaking down social barriers. Every class is represented in the race—men of the greatest wealth piloting their own cars, and humble professional chauffeurs representing some manufacturing house. It was a refreshing sight in the early hours of morning to see W. K. Vanderbilt and Baron Henri de Rothschild munching bread and rounds of sausage, just as if they had never known the joys of a good cuisine.

Man's Greatest Enemy.

Ainslee's Magazine.

Fatigue is one of the greatest enemies of the human race. Modern pysiology shows that it is the cause of nearly half, and perhaps more, of the several hundred catalogued diseases that prey upon man. In our age, with its high pressure, its hot and bitter competition, and the unrelenting struggle for survival, its moral and physical ravages are steadily increasing. Cities, in which an ever larger proportion of our people dwell, are biological hothouses, and, for some, furnaces, forcing development prematurely, and encouraging late hours and excitement and consuming nerve and brain.

THE REAL TARIFF ISSUE.

Chicago Evening Post.

Ex-Secretary Vilas's letter to Chairman Warden may or may not be a perfectly spontaneous utterance. Possibly Judge Griggs, manager of the Democratic Congressional campaign, may have had something to do with this dramatic reappearance on the political scene of a leading Democrat of the old school, and we may perhaps expect to hear these voices from the past at regular intervals—as part of the fight for reorganization. This, however, is of minor importance. Despite the wriggling of the Bryan faction, the issues of this year's campaign for control of the House will certainly be the trusts and the tariff. This letter from Mr. Vilas is symptomatic, and Mr. Babcock will not miss its significance.

There is no great difference between the position taken by the ex-Secretary and the famous Cleveland message on tariff reform. Mr. Cleveland denounced the tariff as "the communism of pelf"; Mr. Vilas demands "the overthrow of the grand, central governing conspiracy of protection." There were few trusts in the 80s, but even then Mr. Cleveland, in almost the same language as Mr. Vilas employs today, warned the people against the "confederacies of protection" and the conspiracies against popular liberty and popular opportunity.

Recognizing the ability and political effectiveness of Mr. Vilas's "keynote" epistle, the question arises as to how the Republican Congressional committee ought to meet it. There is an issue between the two great parties here, beyond all question, but what form and shape shall it be given? The Republican party cannot and must not enter a general denial, and either expressly or by implication assert the sacredness of high protection as exemplified by the Dingley act. It must admit the need of revision all along the line. It must place itself squarely on "the Buffalo platform."

The Democrats, to be consistent, must advocate a revenue tariff pure and simple, free trade being out of the question. They will have to descend to particulars and tell the people exactly what they propose to do and how they propose to demolish "the grand central conspiracy." Will they, if returned to power, reduce the duties horizontally 50 per cent? Will they withdraw protection from trust-controlled industries and leave the present rates of duty where combination is still weak? Glittering generalities will not answer; the voters will demand definite suggestions and businesslike statements.

And the Republicans must meet this demand for definiteness and certainty. They will naturally deny that protection is robbery, "a false and deceitful name," a conspiracy, etc., but they must admit that the system has been misapplied and abused. Certain schedules, as Mr. McKinley said, are no longer needed either for revenue or for legitimate protection; they must be lowered, repealed or so "employed," by means of reciprocity, as to increase our foreign trade.

In short, tariff revision is unavoidable. Shall it be undertaken by the friends or opponents of protection? This is the real, the immediate tariff issue. The fanatical and militant high-protectionists in the Republican party must be sent to the rear.

Wheat Lands in Europe.

Export Implement Age.

We are told that the South European wheat lands constitute a broad belt of prairie 600 to 700 miles in average width, beginning in Hungary and extending northeastward to the Ural Mountains, and then westward into Siberia to unknown boundaries. On the north and the west are the "gray forest lands," and on the south and west are salt and alkaline districts and sandy wastes, and finally the Caucasus and the Ural Mountains. By both chemical and mechanical analyses the soil is shown to be remarkably similar to that of our own prairies, also commonly known by the similar term of "black loam." The depth is, on an average, probably a little greater than that of our prairie soil. From a chemical standpoint the soils of the two regions are similarly characterized (1) by an exceptionally large amount of thoroughly humified organic matter; (2) by the presence of an unusual proportion of phosphoric acid, and (3) by a great amount, comparatively, of lime, potash and other alkalies. These soils are therefore alkaline, while others, especially of forest regions, are acid. It is well known that the substances thus more abundant in these soils than in others are just those usually needed by the wheat plant.

A Sensation Spoiled.

Toledo Bee.

"Listen, sister! I believe I hear the voice of a man!" exclaimed Principea, as she tiptoed across the room and placed her ear against the elevator shaft. Miraposia joined her aged spinster sister, and together they heard these words, spoken in dulcet tones, float up from the flat below:

"Ah, thirty love. Now let's make it forty love."

"Horrors! Miraposia! Do you think they are speaking of osculation?"

"Sister Principea, I am shocked at your suggestion. The honor of the building demands an investigation. Come."

Together they stolcally stalked down the stairway to the flat below.

The door was open and Harold McSwat bade them enter.

"We are having a delightful game of ping pong. Miss Flatdweller has just won the game. Will you join us?"

The invitation was coldly declined and the spinsters sought the seclusion of the apartments, crushed that the vernacular of ping pong had robbed them of a choice bit of gossip.

Reverential Mental State.

Philadelphia Times.

Devoutness rather than the gentle manner of punctual habits would seem to have developed in a Kensington young man of whom a correspondent tells. He is coaxed from his bed with difficulty each morning by a patient mother, who long ago taught him to begin the day with an invocation for divine mercy. The whistle of a neighboring factory is a signal by which he generally guides himself in his matutinal progress toward the down-town office in which he is employed. A recent morning was marked by more than the usual number of maternal supplications that he awake and arise. She tried again—this time her voice full of concern lest he be late.

"John! J-o-h-n!" she called. "When are you coming down? The 7 o'clock whistle has blown."

Certainly her bosom must have swelled with pride as this reply was wafted down to her:

"To h——l with the whistle! I'm saying my prayers, mother!"

"Volcanitis."

New York Town Topics.

This is the latest fashionable disease. The atmosphere is charged with the dust from West India eruptions; the sulphurous particles get into the lungs and affect the blood. The symptoms are extreme lassitude, constant drowsiness and indisposition. The only remedy thus far indicated by leading physicians is change of air, an immediate departure for Europe, the country or the seaside. I have known the same disease to prevail in other years, when there were no volcanic eruptions, but then it was called Spring fever.

May Morning.

John Milton.

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Bryan hopes to get there in the long run.

Tracy paid his debt—as honestly as he could.

The Sheriffs can now come out from hiding.

Tracy did what nobody in Washington had the courage to do?

We'll venture to say plenty of Sheriffs were there after Tracy died.

Perhaps if we should go for a firebeat in a hurry we should not know how to begin.

The Portland team is lucky for once. It is up against a team more unlucky than itself.

A sojourner among us complains of our paved streets. He has never seen them in Winter.

The only reason we doubt that Kitchener is a hero is that he is not talking for publication.

You are an honest man, but did you ever look your household assessment blank squarely in the face?

In dispensing the reward, how about newspaper reporters, who chased Tracy closer than did anybody?

If this is a sample of the President's life when "nothing is doing," what is his life when "something is doing."

From the fact that "Hell-Roaring Jake" is so near nervous prostration, we judge that Samar got off easier than he did.

An Eastern professor bequeathed $150,000 to an institution, but only $30,000 was found after his death. Did he take the rest with him?

Governor McBride can lay claim to a good share of the credit even if the people shall determine that his railroad commission is not needed.

What the farmer doesn't know about farming he knows about railroads, and what Jim Hill doesn't know about railroads he knows about farming.

A great part of the quest for the north pole is hunting for those who have gone to hunt for it. Perhaps Baldwin's unusual good fortune in getting back made him say he was baffled, but not beaten.

Tracy lived two months an escaped convict. It was a race of life which ran its course speedily. It is for others of his stripe to judge whether a two months' career like his is worth a lifetime in prison. Perhaps it is.

"Mr. President," exclaimed a General of the Venezuelan forces, "I have again to inform you that we have escaped from the rebels and are completely victorious." And President Castro immediately started out after another revolution.

Although President Gompers said labor would demand "more and more," he recognized the claim that brains has to a goodly portion of the "fruition of labor." "We desire to give every encouragement to the exercise of brains," said he in a private conversation. "We admit that labor can accomplish nothing unless directed by intelligence. It is the present disparity between the share of the two in the world's product that we would correct."

They have a story in Boston that when President Roosevelt was there Senator Lodge asked him if he had heard "Senator Depew's new story." Mr. Roosevelt answered: "His new story? Impossible! Depew hasn't had a new story since he wrote about Jonah and the whale." The Senator laughed as he said: "Oh, don't blame that one on Chauncey. It was written some thousands of years before he was born." "Pretty much the same thing might be said of all Depew's stories," was the President's retort.

Many people are wondering if the present timber land boom is inflated. They think they see unmistakable signs of it. Vast tracts of land have been taken up whose timber is so remote that it will not be near market for many years. Upon these tracts present values are built up, not upon any actual commercial worth, but on speculative worth. Then, too, people are grabbing land who don't know anything about timber, but whose eagerness gives stiffness to the market. On the other hand, it may be pointed out that the Pacific Northwest contains the only remaining large body of timber in the United States, and that the East is bound to look this way more and more for lumber. It is encouraging to remember that 50 years in Oregon will restore a forest.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

"He calls his office a 'dental parlor.' Isn't that ridiculous?" "It is, indeed. He should call it a 'drawing-room.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Small farmers are reported by our agricultural expert as in doubt which is the more expensive, playing golf or raising hens.—Boston Transcript.

To Their Liking.—"Is your family fond of cereals, Mrs. Jumpup?" "Oh, very! We're reading several in 'The Parlor Portfolio' now, 'nd can't hardly wait from week t' week."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mr. Burger—Do they set a good table up at Country-Side Inn? Miss Citybred—Yes, indeed they do! All their milk and cream, butter and eggs are sent out fresh from the city every day!—Chicago Daily News.

Magistrate—Did I understand you to say that the parties used high words? Witness—Yes, Your Worship; their voices were unusually high, and their language was extremely low.—Glasgow Evening Times.

No Amateurs.—Summer Hotel Doctor—I hope there will be no mistakes in administering these medicines, Servant—Have no fear, doctor. I am a professional nurse, and madam is a professional invalid.—New York Weekly.

Looking Ahead.—"The Rev. Dr. Knott was just grand, wasn't he?" exclaimed the Chicago bridegroom. "Didn't you like the way he read our wedding service?" "Indeed I did," replied the bride. "I'm determined to have him on every future occasion of the sort."—Philadelphia Press.

Unnecessarily Cruel.—"And did you have your maid incarcerated for stealing your jewels?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "Oh, my, no! Josiah was reading to me the other night about the way a man's body was incarcerated at one of the crematory places, because he made them promise to do it before he died; but I'd never think of treating a person that way for just stealing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

To the Nightingale.

John Milton.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. Oh, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.